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Heart-Throbs



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Martha McCulloch Francis

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TO THE WORLD

To them who love, to them who love and
are not loved, to them who love not, and
to them who love the God consciousness.



UNSEEN CONFIDENCE

Behold, I stand on the threshold of the
future,
Unconquered, undismayed,
Deprived of human affection.
I lift my eyes to the stars,
Fathomless, mysterious, they are
God rules the plan of their existence,
Satisfied, content to know I am
Of more value than matter whirling thru
space.
Steady, true to their course they run.

HEARTACHE

TO DENIS

Dear Heart, I miss you so,
And everywhere I go
Phantoms of the past fly by.
From within the shadowy recess
Of my soul they come.
Many I would hold in ecstasy;
On others I would close the door.
My Heart, the years are long;
I listen for your whistle and your song.
I call, no vibrant answer comes—
'Tis but the echo of my voice.

SILHOUETTE

In the sky line of my heart
Thou art silhouetted strong and clear,
And the fragrance of my love
Brings thy presence near.

It is not a black silhouette,
But one which gleams with ruddy glow,
Lighting up the shadowy places
Your dear love of long ago.

INDIFFERENCE

Love is like the wind, it bloweth where it
listeth !

Love, thou art evanescent sweetness.

The wind doth caress my tresses ;

I care not from whence it comes or whither
it goeth ;

It wafts thru honeysuckle vine

And brings me sweetness.

Love strums thru the heart strings

Is like the wind,—bloweth where it listeth !

I care not from whence it comes or whither
it goeth,

Love brings me sweetness !

CARNATIONS

Pink carnations do my table grace,
And dainty maidenhair like lace
Is no more delicate and fine
Than the kindly thought
Which made them mine.

TO MY SON

My son, when sore beset, and things go
wrong,

Seek nature's soft caress—you will grow
strong.

Repose will manifest, and you at ease
will be.

From dell, the river's brink or sea,
You will return, refreshed, rejoicing, and
so free.

CHAFF

What is chaff to the wheat,
When it is blown away?
You are to me this day
The wheat falls into goodly soil
Bringeth forth a harvest rich,
The chaff? It is only chaff today!

TWO VEILS

Bridal veil, sweet fragrant flowers fill the
air,

A heavenly blush adorns her cheek,
Love and harmony prevail.

Within a year or two, or less,
Those fragrant flowers have turned to
thorns—

The maiden crushed and all forlorn,
Takes the veil!

RIVEN

Scorned, ignored, flung aside
As a woman toying with a flower
Inhales the sweetness of the blossom.
She laughs—a leaf is scattered here and
there,
Thoughtlessly she tears each petal free.
Does she forget that even flowers
Feel the pain of being wrenched apart?

And you? Yesterday you were my friend—
Today you are not! And like the flower
I feel the smart and hurt.
Why, I gave you the fragrance of my
heart!
Another link in friendship's chain is riven.

Again I ask the Wisdom of it all.
Behind the scenes is One who directs and
guides—
He is God, and Omnipresent Good,
And I must silent be and wait.
I cannot escape the way, it is so clear.
He only asks me to abide, be still and I
shall hear—
“ ’Tis I, be not afraid, I am thy friend,
Be of good cheer!”

COMFORT

Wounds of the soul!

Would that I might lay my hands on thee,
To sooth in silence

The smart of thy aching heart.

Oh, soul be still!

'Tis but birth into greater life;

Patient thou must be

Until there comes to thee Light.

Falter not!

Thou hast not followed a trackless waste;

But, turning,

Thou canst look back and see,

Aye, even

As one who stumbles in the dark and falls,

Rises again,

And superhuman effort makes

To find the path

That is firm and sure for thy uncertain
feet.

Oh Soul!

Thy tears, regrets, and thy despair

Were but the prodding of the Spirit fair

To know thou wert chained to sensuous
things.

Doubt it not.

A veil was drawn across thy face;

Torn asunder

Thou couldst see that Glorious Figure.

Free!

No longer nailed upon the cross

Of agony,

But pure, compassionate for all humanity.

Oh, soul!

Be still! And thou wilt surely know

He is within!

TO FLORA

Oh, immortelles ! let me see in thy wisp of
a cup
Some sweet fragrance of immortality !
In thy dress of purple let me feel strength,
power,
To know e'en now it is God's hour.

TO D. E. D.

I love you, my Sweet.
God ordained that we should meet;
I am blessed in thy love,
A messenger from God above.
Lovest thou me as I love thee?
Hold thou my hand so I may see;
Clasp me with embrace sweet and warm,
On your breast to rest, safe from harm.
Oh, the beauty of love that is pure,
The wisdom of knowing, being sure
Thy love for me an eternal fire,
From a gracious heart doth it spring—
An affection, which like the stars do shine,
Dimming their radiance, this love of mine!

THE SCARLET CROSS

A cross I wear upon my breast
That all the world may see
Another cross emblazoned there,
And none may see but me.

A scarlet cross, a fiery cross,
One that burns and sears;
Symbol of love, of loss,
Of yearning, and of tears.

A Mary Magdalene am I,
And none may know but me;
In my heart I feel the bands
Which souls permit to be.

Society yet looks askance
On those who love too well,
Will only frown, nor give a glance
On Mary Magdalene who fell.

Christ forgave the erring one
As at His feet she knelt,
Compassionate, Oh, radiant Son,
And every tear thou felt!

From the world I hide my cross,
And none may know but me,
I count it gain and not a loss,
My tender love for thee.

Perchance my sorrow and my loss
Will thus awaken me,
To look for gold and not the dross
In every heart I see.

MY HEART

TO D. E. D.

My heart lays in the West, dear,
Over a bit of blue;
The sun sinks in the West, dear,
And I am as far from you
As the rosy clouds that glow, dear,
When the evening shadows fall.
Your hand I cannot touch, dear,
It is beyond a bit of blue;
Only one comfort I have, dear:
My thoughts are like a bird
Winging their way to you, dear,
To fill your soul with Light.
Nothing can stay the thought, dear,
Which springs from the heart of love;
It travels faster than light, dear,
Across a bit of blue.

YEARNING

Dear Heart, I yearn, I yearn for thee,
As the robin yearns to build her nest in
 spring
With bits of cotton twine and string;
From impulse born within she heeds the
 call,
And to her mate she sings.

Dear Heart, I yearn, I yearn for thee,
Wild, insistent is the call;
Can love acknowledge, see its face
And turn its back on me?

Dear Heart, I yearn, I yearn for thee.
The seed within the silence of the ground
Yearns by a law Divine to flower,
To lift its face to friendly showers.

Dear Heart, I yearn, I yearn for thee,
The raindrop yearns to cool the parched
 earth;
So by the law it falls,
Stirring into life the dormant things.
A robin I would be in spring,
As to her mate she sings;
He warbles in return the answering call,
And soon he is on the wing.

And, like the seed within your heart,
Silent, restful, nestling there;
In thy embracing love I long to flower,
And make thy heart a fairy bower!

IN MY GARDEN IS A ROSE

In my garden today I gathered a rose,
It had a thorn, it pierced my flesh,
And yet I wore the rose upon my breast!
In the garden of love I gathered a rose,
 The red, red rose of love,
 The red, red, rose of love;
It had a thorn, it pierced my heart,
And yet I wear the red, red rose of love!

BENEFICENT LOVE

And will you love again? Why love?
It bringeth pain,
Yet unravels mysteries of the Soul,
By which you gain
Knowledge of the inner self.
It saves the Soul from pelf and petty
things.
Loving one, you grow, until,
Like the flower, unfolding 'neath the sun
Your love embraces all in One.

DOST KNOW?

Dost know, dost know the pain and anguish
I've endured?

Dost know the sobbing heart
When I to thee a truth impart?

I can see the Master's footsteps,
As the thorny path He trod

Alone, forsaken, and forgotten,
As He wove a plan of God.

I can feel the Master's heartache,
As they scoffed, reviled, and cursed.

I can hear Him speaking gently,
"Be thou blest, Oh child of Earth!"

RIGHTEOUSNESS

Give me a heart like a lake,
Which is tranquil, a crystal, and pure;
Give me a heart like a pine
Which whispers to Life, and is sweet;
Give me a heart like the sun,
Which ripens wheat on a Summer's day;
Yes, give me a heart that is cool,
Like the spring which homes in forest
 deep!

FORGIVENESS

Rape! My garments of white are from
me flung!

You have polluted my body, caressed my
breast,

Embraced with kisses wet upon my face,
Reserved for him whom I love best,
Desecrating honor which woman holds
dear.

You have tread upon virgin soil,
To which you had no claim at all;
Oh, Soul, upon this sacred ground you
have sown seeds—

Which will yield weeds!
You heeded not the call of love, but raped!
Know you not in your soul is virgin seed,
Destined by God to fill a mighty need?

My soul is untarnished still,
My garments of white I sweep over thee,
Pray the grace of God you will receive
That you may have what you would take
from me.

SECURITY

Winding in and out, Life's river flows,
New scenes unfold as we sweep along the
 way;
An eddying current may carry me far from
 shore,
Battered, bruised, and bleeding I strike
 the rocks;
One who knows when sparrows fall
Will lift me again on the way
To a brighter, happier, more heavenly day.

BREADTH

Make me as broad, and clean, and free as
the sea;

Give me expanse of mind as far and wide
As the infinite above, and from the earth
below.

To know God's truth which gives man
liberty;

Let me not be wind-tossed, nor wavered
like the sea,

But, like the calm without, a wavelet seen.
The waters flow and touch all lands

By which man travels and seeks to know
Knowledge of our earth on which we swing.
Keep me sweet and clean, just like the sea,
Forever moving on, a blessing to mankind.

ODE TO THE SUN

I love God's radiant smiling orb,
I love the warmth and glow it gives
To all that thinks and breathes and lives;
I love the dark, for when one knows
Within the dark is Light of Lights,
One has no fear when setting sun
Sinks in the West.

FROM THE PAST

What hast thou done, friend, in the ancient
past?

What hast thou spoken—thou art silent
now:

Bitter, unforgiving words, or hast thou
lied,

Betrayed a trust, or cursed instead of
blessed?

Now thou dost speak with nimble fingers
only,

Or with expressive eyes tell what thou
wouldst say.

Friend! What hast thou done that thou
art dumb?

DAILY GRACE

Dear God, teach me thy grace to see,
Open my heart to charity;
Let me compassion show
To every ill that mind can know.

Let me be no longer blind
To the suffering of mankind,
May I speak the tender Word
Which will help their loins to gird.

Give them strength to win the race,
Again their courage thus to brace,
Onward then with step so firm
That they Life's lessons learn.

OH, WHERE?

Oh, little bird, thou art building a nest,
All delightful and warm,
Fledglings hovered by mother bird's wing
And none need have a care.
Oh, little bird, my nest is gone,
Oh, where, Oh, where?
And like the fledgling I must fly
Just to try my wings.
They flutter, waver, and tremble, too,
But I must make the flight,
Until strong and powerful I must grow
In independent might.

SURCEASE FROM SORROW

Let go, let go, of everything
Which only pain and sorrow bring,
Open wide the door to every joy
Holy pure without alloy.

Dry those tears which rend the heart,
Healing to the God imparts;
Into your soul comes sweet relief,
Sorrow's day will then be brief.

BETWEEN

Someone must be brave,
With the coming and going of souls;
Someone must be brave,
Someone must wear a cheerful smile,
Although the heart may mourn.
Someone must stand with steady feet,
Although the road be worn.
To be like the oak in the storm of life
And not like a sapling bent,
This is the duty of every man
When he of God is born.

TEARDROP

Only a teardrop !
Only a sigh from an anguished heart,
Only a bit of gladness
And then a world of pain ;
Only a prayer to the Father
For strength to bear the strain.

A TOY BALLOON AND I

A red balloon sailing to the sky,
A toy balloon, released from childish
 hands,
Tipping, lilting toward a sky of blue;
And, as it gaily makes its flight,
So, too, I see my soul set free—
Soaring toward the azure blue;
It looks above—it looks below,
Soars high! And finds
Freedom in new spheres of thot.

TO A BABE

Oh, babe, old, old art thine eyes!
In thy appealing look, thou dost carry
Memories fraught with pain.
Thou dost look with sadness
Upon a world which should be fair.
White is thy flesh as flowers in bud,
Yet lacking freshness of infancy.
Oh, babe, in thy questioning eyes
Are shades of Autumn written!
As of raindrops falling upon withered
 leaves,
And of moaning winds sighing in the pines.
Babe, did'st thou linger coming
To this vale of tears?

“ECHO”

Love, I said,—“Love,” said Echo, loud
and clear,

Vibrating with lingering sweetness
Through the atmosphere.

Love, I said,—“Love,” said Echo with
fleeing swiftness

Muted, with lingering sweetness
Through the atmosphere.

Love, I said,—“Love,” whispered Echo
faint and clear,

Vibrating with lingering sweetness
Through drowsy atmosphere.

THE JOY OF LIFE

TO THE WORLD

There is no room in my heart for tears,
Lord,
No room in my heart today;
Just the joy of living, Lord,
And from the tears I turn away.

My home is on the mountain, Lord,
And my eyes sweep the valley below
To the weary and worn pilgrims, Lord,
And the distance they must go.

In my eyes there is a Light, Lord,
Which beameth from afar;
It is the little Light they see, Lord,
Which will guide them to thy Star!

WE TWO

Estranged hearts wandering in bewilder-
ment and pain,
Amidst questioning, contending, doubting,
that,
In subterraneous passages of the soul,
seeking in vain,
Weighing, balancing, analyzing, until there
came

LIGHT !

And out of darkness come hearts no longer
tortured,
But, having learned what darkness, grop-
ing, meant,
Is filled with understanding for other souls
with thoughts abortive,
Kindly cheer flowed in a steady stream
and compassion lent !

PEARLS

I twist the pearls upon a silken thread,
Oh lustrous gems gathered from the ocean
bed.

They are so fair, that in their dreamy
glow

Reflect every passing shade and color on
the earth below.

From the sky above they catch a hint of
azure blue,

And in each pearl I find a sun of golden
hue.

Ever-changing images at best,

'Tis so, ev'n with dreamy pearls at rest.

And thoughts are precious pearls of every
mind,

Reflecting lights and shadows of their kind.

RESURRECTION

Resurrect me, Lord, from a love which is
dead!

Resurrect me, Lord, from loving again!
My heart leaps like the doe escaping the
chase.

Spread o'er my soul the wings of a dove
As folded they are when she settles to
rest.

Grant me, Oh, Lord, the Peace of the
Christ,

Soul of Divinity and one without strife.
Let me no more walk the echo-filled halls,
Where resounds the memories of years
long past.

Let me not grieve after love that is lost;
I turn me about to face Christ and the
Cross!

TO MY FATHER

A passionate lover of his fellow man,
zealous for the good and betterment of the
race.

No call, however feeble, by man or
beast in distress, went unheard.

A great lover of knowledge for all peo-
ples, without discrimination.

The simplicity of his life—free, unaf-
fected, sincere—brought a bit of God's
Kingdom on earth.

Yes, he loves his fellowman.

TO MY MOTHER

An angel who assumed the habiliments
of flesh.

“I will not leave thee Comfortless,” saith the Lord.

When in grief I have opened my soul to the music of the spheres, to the harmonious melody of sounds, and to the Light of the Infinite Mind.

“I will come again and receive you unto Myself.”

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